

Home Circle.

DRIVEN TO SHELTER.

Under the shadow of Thy wing I hide
And bless the storms that drove me to Thy side.
Secure as bird in mother's nest I sing
Under the shadow of Thy mighty wing.

Why do we wait for cruel blast and cold,
For bitterness of heart and loss of gold,
For last goodbyes their knell of hope to ring
To drive us to the shadow of Thy wing.

Why linger we till ashes from the flame
Of mad desire, corroding hate and shame,
Shall turn us gray and old ere we will bring
Our hearts to shelter 'neath Thy brooding wing

'Tis when our eyes are blinded with their tears,
And see no light, nor hope for future years,
Nor happiness, nor peace, nor anything
That we discern the shadow of Thy wing.

When tempest tossed, tear stained and blind we
see.

When deaf to earthly sound, we list for Thee.
When hoarse with sobbing and despair we sing,
For then we seek the shadow of Thy wing.

Close to the heart of hearts do I abide
And bless the storms that drove me to Thy side.
Secure as bird 'neath summer leaves I swing,
Protected by the shadow of Thy wing.

—Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

THE CROSS MOTHER.

At no time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold the arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of mind or body, and sometimes soul. With tired nerves and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings, and repels loving attention with her irritable words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much out of her life, and too much out of her children's life. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed. The careless shallow woman says: "I was overworked. It made me cross;" and she considers that admission the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, prays over it, sheds bitter tears—and then the trouble repeats itself. The remedy lies near at hand. Let a mother find out what makes her cross, and then let her avoid the cause, if possible. If social pleasures weary her, let them be decidedly lessened. If there is too

much sewing, too much cooking, or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain, stop economizing at such a cost. That is the worst of wastes. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength. Even the extent of one's religious and philanthropic work should be carefully examined, and if the trouble lies there, calmly and wisely dismiss some or all of it from the list of duties, for "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is surprising how easily seeming interests or needs can be spared without injury to the home life whenever the thoughtful woman seeks to find them; and surely one of the worst of household influences is a mother's crossness. —Harper's Bazar.

KEEP YOUR SELF-RESPECT.

The habit of self-respect has a distinct moral value. The *Youth's Companion* gives some suggestive thoughts along this line:

"The way to keep a man out of the mud is to black his boots," says Frederick Douglass.

This happy remark often occurs to us when we see boys going to school with shoes that have never once known the brush, and hair uncombed, faces not too clean, ears unfit for inspection, hands very black, and a cap that has evidently known hard service as a missile weapon. Such a boy is more likely at least to talk and to act unbecomingly than one who is clean and untidy. Something within the tidy boy impels him to live up to his appearance. The other boy is apt to live down to his dirty boots.

Fixing upon a boy an odious and belittling nickname, which lowers his self-esteem, has the same tendency. So does ridiculing him for any natural defect, and for the clumsiness which often results from such a defect. The mistakes of youth frequently result from shyness, and this is greatly aggravated by the jeers of companions, and still more by the impatience of a teacher.

Many a person now honored and esteemed in the world dates his progress

upward from the moment when he received from some honored lips a word of encouragement, or discovered by chance that he was not inferior to his comrades, despite appearances to the contrary.

We can hardly do a more injurious act than to make another think more meanly of himself than he ought to think. Humility is an excellent trait; but humility is a very different thing from the mortification and self-abasement that sometimes results from sneers or ridicule.

A GOOD HOME.

A good home makes a good hope. Homesickness may be a sign of moral health. "When any one ceases to care for his home," says Spurgeon, "it is one of the worst possible signs of moral sickness." Perhaps there are a few grown persons who cannot call to mind their attacks of homesickness when they were children. And perhaps, too they can remember being laughed at and twitted for their involuntary exhibit of that forest of soul maladies. A homesick boy ought to rejoice a parent's heart—not because the parent ought to rejoice in a child's suffering, but because of the sign of moral sensibility which that suffers portends. A little boy, just four years old, had been sent to stay with a relative in the country to avoid contagion, with a sick brother at home. But one morning, early, the little fellow arose, stole out of the house, and by a long road over the hills, through the woods, under the shadow of farm house, and out again beneath the open sky, the tiny feet, more used to the paved street than the country road, trudged homeward, reaching his father's door at breakfast time. That child might have endured a bruise or a burn manfully. He have been petted and soothed for a flesh wound or a childish trouble. But how little does the world care for his worse malady of homesickness! Yet with what vigor did he flee its terrors! How sweet home looked to him long, long before his father's door loomed into sight! There is hope for the homesick boy. There is hope for the parent who will make home worth being sick for.—*Sunday School Times*.